

The Middletown Transcript

VOL. 48. NO. 45

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 29, 1910.

PRICE THREE CENTS

NEW CASTLE, DELAWARE AND MILFORD, DELAWARE

New Castle, Delaware, situated on the Delaware River, and in the license county of New Castle, has a population estimated by the police authorities at from 4,500 to 5,000. This population is constantly augmented by visitors in large numbers, New Castle being an historic place, and few visitors to Wilmington depart without seeing the many places of interest to be found here. Its chief manufactures are iron, steel and farming implements.

The number of arrests for intoxication for 1909 was 11, or one to 455 of population.

The total number of arrests was 17, or in the ratio of one to 294 of population.

The total municipal expense was \$16,000.00, or \$3.20 per capita.

The number of men on the police force is given as 3, or one to 1,667 of population.

Milford, Kent County, Delaware, is situated in the heart of the no-license territory, being on the border line of the two "dry" counties. It is a farming and peach raising locality, and large fruit and vegetable canning industries are located here. Various manufactures are carried on, as well as shipbuilding. The population, as estimated by the police authorities, is 3,500.

The number of arrests for intoxication for 1909 was 34, or one to 103 of population.

The total number of arrests was 88, or in the ratio of one to 40 of population.

The total municipal expense was \$13,450.00, or \$3.84 per capita.

The number of men on the police force is given as 3, or one to 1,167 of population.

Note.—In 1907 the people of the State of Delaware voted on the question of local option. The county of New Castle rejected this policy, while the two lower counties, Kent and Sussex, adopted it.

"We will drive over to-morrow evening."

Every housewife can be just as close to her neighbors or her city sister, as her

Bell Telephone

No estimate can be placed on its value in the everyday affairs of the farm home, and in case of accidents, illness or fire. You can build, own and operate the line at small expense. Drop a postal to the nearest Bell Telephone office.



The Diamond State Telephone Co.

1910 TIME TABLE 1910



The Iron STEAMER CLIO

Captain H. V. Woodall

WILL LEAVE

Odessa for Philadelphia

AND RETURN FROM

Arch St. Wharf, Phila.

AS PER TIME TABLE:

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The Middletown Transcript

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING
—AR—
Middletown, New Castle County, Delaware
—BY—

T. S. FOURACRE.

LONG DISTANCE 'PHONE NO. 37.
Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter
MIDDLETOWN, DEL., OCT. 29, 1910

DEMOCRACY'S EVIL RECORD
Once when prodded into a corner, that blatant apostle of an immaculate ballot, the *Every Evening*, confessed that:

"No sane man would attempt to deny that Democratic workers shamelessly bought votes in the days before this crime was prohibited in our state constitution under the most drastic penalties."

Fear, not change of heart moves Democracy to suffrage purity! Continuing it further confessed that such bribery had been practiced by its party "almost from time immemorial." How disgusting, then, in view of this enforced confession of its own party's "shameless" venality, the spectacle of the *Every Evening* repeating with Pecksniffian sanctity almost daily for weeks before the coming election, its partisan tirades against Republican briberies, as though the befouled skirts of Democracy were as free from soiling as whitened angel's wing!

God forbid THE TRANSCRIPT should utter one word even in seeming apology for the blistering shame of the Addicks iniquity; but if anything could in the least excuse those Republicans, who with their Democratic fellows, helped to make his career, it would be the cruel wrongs done under Democratic rule to hundreds of good citizens who were disfranchised year after year, till grown desperate under these intolerable outrages, a few angry men fought the Democratic devil with fire from his own pit—in sheer self-defence against these wholesale denials of their freemen's rights, used that rich knave-fool Addicks' filthy gold to drive out of office a horde of miscreants unable longer to perpetuate their evil course because his was the larger "barrel". Yes, we are as heartily ashamed of the Addicks blotch on our State's fair escutcheon, as of the antecedent briberies and tyrannies of the Democracy that made it a possibility. But it does not need, we say again, any confession of the *Every Evening* that

"Almost from time immemorial Democratic workers shamelessly bought votes."

"Shamelessly"! "I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word." That is history not yet ancient, that should redder every school boy's ears to read, not a whit less than the later Addicks villainy for which this earlier "immemorial" Democratic bribery had already well prepared the soil to yield a fruitful crop of shame.

But to return to Democracy's wholesale disfranchisement of Republican voters. No night-riding Ku Klux Klan ever robbed the blacks more ruthlessly than these official Democrats despoiled the citizens by their systematic and long continued denial of his right to qualify for suffrage. And our Delaware freebooters had not even the poor excuse for their lawless acts that they were excluding an unfit vote, since hundreds of their victims were respectable and intelligent white men. In this regard they battered the violence of these Southern marauders.

Let us have a page from out the history of those palmy days of Democratic misrule when a Republican, white or black, had no political rights the Democratic party was bound to respect. At every election not less than a thousand Republican voters in New Castle County alone—fully one-third of them educated, respectable white citizens, mechanics, business men of every kind, clergymen, etc., were willfully denied a chance to pay their taxes and so lost their votes—a double robbery, the state of its taxes and the citizen of his vote. Small wonder the county in those times was chronically in the loan office, this political rascality helped keep it poor. In one aspect the scandal of this 25 years of Democratic misrule exceeds that of Addicks', for they not only bought votes but stole them also.

Here is a concrete example of those knaveries; a certain tax collector in his zeal to disfranchise a host of Republicans, fed the state, and was pursued by indignant citizens to a hotel in Philadelphia and there coerced by threats to receive their taxes. Will the *Every Evening* have the presumption to deny this well?

known fact? Again, this yet remembered piece of villainy of Jack Dickey's, who since "getting out" has been honored with the post of Dictator of his party's nominations at the Dover convention. A number of white citizens at Wilmington, long vainly seeking to get him to receive their taxes, infuriated at his racism chased him one day into his shop on Market Street, swearing they would get their tax receipts or his hide, and Dickey in terror of his life fled to the houses and escaped. Will the *Every Evening* be impudent enough to deny that and scores of like evil doings of its precious party boss?

Sad to tell the state has two Jacks—Jack Godwin and Jack Dickey—both renowned in their peculiar ways. The first still languishes in jail, the other is now out, exalted as above said, to high dictatorial honors in the councils of the *Every Evening*'s party of unthinkable purity—and never one feeble bleat of protest from that Pharisaical organ.

Yet once more:—A Democratic assessor in St. Georges Hundred, one Theodore Armstrong, of whom it may be said as in Macbeth "that the multiplying villainies of nature do swarm upon him," repeatedly removed from his roll the names of some of the best citizens in Middletown, and for several years kept them from voting. One of these was the then pastor of the M. E. Church here whose name was two or three times stricken off the roll by Armstrong after being replaced. Mr. Joseph C. Jolls' name was thus arbitrarily taken off the roll by this scoundrel Armstrong, as were the names of many others here in Middletown.

The death of Julius Caesar is not more certainly known than all these facts. Will the *Every Evening* have the temerity to deny them? If so, then its audacity will match its mendacity.

As for the Townsend-Grier matter, the facts are too clear for any amount of howling and dust throwing by the *Every Evening* to hide the issue. The crux of the whole business is simply this: Col. Townsend declares and "Reformer" Grier has not yet dared to deny, that he, Grier, purposed in his later "ads." to attack individual Republican candidates, and Grier confesses this in writing. "It is my hope that the people of Misplision will defeat certain candidates whose nominations are an insult, etc., and drag Republicans deeper into the mire."

As for the rest, THE TRANSCRIPT suspects from the size of the *Every Evening*'s squeal and the lively manner in which it runs around, that the knife must have gotten through its pachydermatous hide! Perhaps, too, pursuant to its Machiavellian maxim that a lie well stuck to is as good as the truth, that sheet will summon effrontry enough to deny this truthful arraignment of its party; but it will avail nothing, since the people and the Press of the state have come to know it too well.

TOWNSEND
Howard Vandyke was in Wilmington on Monday.
Mrs. Albert Lynam is very ill with malaria fever.
Thomas Welle spent Sunday with relatives in Smyrna.
William Naylor was an out of town visitor Sunday.
Mr. Kemp Donovan was in Wilmington on Tuesday.
Mrs. Mary E. Money is improving after a severe illness.

William Wilson, of Harrington, is visiting his cousin, Mrs. Harriet Money.

Frank Green, of Smyrna, is spending some time with his aunt, Mrs. William Wright.

Miss Lillian Downey and Miss Spy, of Middletown, spent Sunday with Harvey Naylor and wife.

John Morris and family, of near Smyrna, spent Sunday with her mother, Mrs. Maggie Lee.

Mrs. W. H. Reynolds and Miss Meta MacSorley made an auto trip to Elton, Md., on Monday.

While Albert Shockley aged 18 years, was carrying his shot gun to Townsend it was accidentally discharged, shooting off his two fingers. The boy was taken to the Delaware Hospital Monday for treatment, and the two fingers amputated. He is the first victim of the gunning season.

The Easton District Epworth League convention will be held in Townsend Emmanuel M. E. Church, Thursday and Friday, November 3d and 4th. The first session will be held Thursday morning, November 3d, at 10 o'clock. The day sessions will be occupied in the discussion of various subjects, while the night sessions will be given to addresses by prominent speakers, one of whom will be Dr. Eckman of New York. The sessions will be open to the public. The Church Hall will be at the disposal of persons who come to spend the day at the convention. The hall is furnished with tables and a cook stove in the kitchen. Come with your luncheon, make your coffee and enjoy yourself.

Will the *Every Evening* have the presumption to deny this well?

The Transcript, \$1

CECILTON

Mr. William Taylor is a Newark visitor this week.

Miss Nella Limby spent Sunday in Chesapeake City.

Mrs. Martha Waite spent Monday with friends in Baltimore.

Miss Margarette Myres is visiting relatives in Baltimore.

Mrs. John Benson, of New Jersey, has been visiting Mrs. O. P. Jones.

Clifford V. Hoover is spending several days this week in Wilmington.

Capt. William Biggs of Georgetown, visited Miss Anna O. Neal on Friday.

Mrs. A. B. Darby and daughter, Hilda, have been visiting friends in Philadelphia.

Quite a number from here attended the revival service at Johnstown last Sunday evening.

L. B. Manlove, wife and two daughters spent Sunday with S. P. Hoover, wife and family.

Mr. Howard Benson and Miss Blanche Padley were married in Elton by Rev. Schouler, of that place.

Mrs. William Howard and Miss M. E. Ferguson, of near Chesapeake City, have been visiting relatives here.

Mrs. L. B. Boudin and daughter, Miss Nettie, have been visiting Mrs. Herbert Conner, of near Warwick.

Mr. Charles Burris and Mr. Helmiller of Havre de Grace, were entertained on Friday of last week by Mr. J. H. Smith.

Rev. W. F. Adams, D. D., Bishop of the Diocese of Easton, will preach in the Chapel Wednesday evening, November 2d.

Misses Mollie and Arrie McCoy and Fannie Griffith, Eila Cannon, Bebe Davis, and others are attending the teachers institute in Elton this week.

NOT BY MY VOTE

Men will have strong drink, and men will sell liquor, but

NOT BY MY VOTE

Saloons may go on like the brook, forever, and men may die by the thousands in them, but

NOT BY MY VOTE

Fear may be wrecked and character dimmed, homes may be destroyed and women and children beggared, but

NOT BY MY VOTE

Children may be caught in the saloon snare, the victim of alcohol may fill our jails, almshouses and insane asylums, but

NOT BY MY VOTE

The saloon may impoverish and degrade the workingmen; produce idleness, disease and pauperism. It may breed anarchy and crime, but

NOT BY MY VOTE

The government may license the drink traffic and for a consideration take "a reward against the innocent" and bargain away the public health and the public morale, but

NOT BY MY VOTE

The liquor traffic may corrupt the social and political life of the nation; it may worm its way into business and even into the sacred precincts of the home and the church, but

NOT BY MY VOTE

The bells may toll the death knell of a human soul again by law every five minutes of the day, but

NOT BY MY VOTE

In the day of judgment when millions shall arise and, as with one voice exclaim, "Christian men how could have saved me from the drink, but now I am lost forever!" but

NOT BY MY VOTE

Christian citizen, how does your vote count?—Alabama Citizen.

The TRANSCRIPT \$1 per year.

14th Cut Price Sale FOR SATURDAY Middletown Market

Corner Main and Broad Streets,

Middletown, Delaware

What does the Middletown Market do for you?

1st.—You are saving money by buying in the Middletown Market.

2d.—Everything that is bought here is guaranteed by the "Pure Food Law," because everything is kept clean and the best qualities.

3d.—Everything that is bought here is guaranteed.

If you don't like it bring it back and get your money.

4th.—As low as you are buying our goods during the week, yet Saturday you are getting cut prices on the most of the goods.

5th.—The principle thing is that the Middletown Market is under good management.

6th.—Come here and see what you will get here this Saturday, October 22d, 1910, from 6 A. M. till 9:30 P. M.

Food and other products are lowest only at the Middletown Market.

SPECIALS FOR SATURDAY

Gold Medal Flour 50c bag 45c bag

Champion Flour 40c bag

oat Breakfast Bacon 18c

B Lewis' Parlor atches, 10c one-half peck. Have 25 bushels of them to go at this price.

Our Special Coffee 35c lb. 20c lb.

And several other articles will be on sale.

We are handling beef of the best quality and at the lowest prices.

Round steak, rib steak, sirloin steak, roast and stewing meats of all kinds, best quality and low prices.

Best P. L. Lard 19c lb. 17c lb.

Compound Lard 15c lb. 13c lb.

Sugar Cured Sliced Ham 25c lb. 21c lb.

Picnic Ham 16c lb. 15c lb.

Side Meat 19c lb. 17c lb.

All kinds of Smoked meats at the lowest prices.

Gasoline 16c 14c gal.

Call and see what we are selling and leave an order. Orders are taken and delivered by telephone or personally.

Middletown Market

H. DEKTOR, Prop.

Broad and Main Sts. Middletown

CHIROPODY

MRS. JAMES

Corn, bunions, ingrowing nails or any affection of the feet antisepically and properly treated by graduate chiropodist Also Shampooing, Manicuring and Scalp Treatment.

MC KEE BUILDING

East Main St. Middletown

Box 64 Wilmington, Del.

Has passed the following resolution:

Resolved, That this organization declares in favor of its members using their power at the polls as a unit, and therefore declares that its members are advised to pledge themselves to withhold their votes from all candidates who will not declare themselves in favor of the Mandatory, Initiative and Referendum as an amendment to the Constitution of the State of Delaware.

Information furnished if desired.

Initiative &

Referendum League

Box 64 Wilmington, Del.

Information furnished if desired.

Almost Every

Labor - - -

Organization

Has passed the following resolution:

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Information furnished if desired.

Almost Every

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Math Close as Follows.

Going North—7 a. m., 10:00 a. m., 4:00 p. m., 5:00 p. m. and 8:00 p. m.
Going South—7 a. m., 10:00 a. m., 4:00 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 11:00 a. m., 4:00 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 11:00 a. m., 4:00 p. m., 5:00 p. m.

MIDDLETOWN, DEL., OCT. 29, 1910

LOCAL NEWS

Frosty.

Stove time.

Note falling.

Chrysanthemums.

Rabbits plentiful.

Farmers busy now.

Corn husking season.

Hunting time almost here.

Next Monday is Hallowe'en.

Winter underwear in demand.

Buckwheat cakes and sausages.

A number of farmers about Seaford are losing cattle from some unknown cause.

Highest cash prices paid for all kinds of Poultry and Eggs. W. C. Jones.

WANTED—40 quarts of milk 5¢ per quart. KLUK, 617 E 4th St., Wilmington.

Just received a Car Load No. 2 WESTERN RE-CLEANED OATS.

S. B. FOARD.

FOR SALE—A quantity of Peas, Pumpkins, 20 for \$1.00, at E. J. Steele's.

TRESPASSERS AND GUNNING NOTICES printed and for sale at The Transcript office.

FOR SALE—A car of No. 1 Western Oats just received.

PHONS 5. JESSE L. SHEPHERD.

A little attention given to your teeth now may save you future trouble and expense. Dr. Johnson will make examination and estimate without charge.

Ladies', Men's and Children's suit dyed, cleaned and pressed by the best establishment engaged in this line of work in Philadelphia.

JOHN E. GINN, AGENT, MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

FARMERS IMPROVE YOUR LAND. We are now taking orders for HIGH GRADE CARBONATE OF LIME. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Phone 5. JESSE L. SHEPHERD.

CEMENT.—The old reliable and Government Endorsed NAZARETH PORTLAND. There may be another as good, there is none better. Price as low as the lowest. Sold by G. E. HUKILL.

We now have on hand for sale 3000 good chestnut wire fence posts. Let us have your order and we will reserve the post for you until you are ready to use them. J. F. McWORTHER & Son.

The ladies of St. Anne's Guild will hold a Rummage Sale and Bake in the vacant room now of Miss Martha Roberts on East Main street, Saturday November 5th.

Remember we are continuing our movable sale, and our line of Men's, Boys' and Children's Clothing, Shoes and Furnishings are still being sold at very low prices.

JOSEPH HOLLOWAY, TOWN HALL BUILDING.

Undisputed Letters.—The following list of letters remains unclaimed in the post office for the week ending October 20: Mrs. Agnes Baard, Mr. M. E. Carson and Bro., Mr. Arthur Hammond, Geo. V. Power.

The ladies of Summit Bridge M. E. Church will hold a poultry and oyster supper in Carnegy Hall, Summit Bridge, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings, November 16th, 17th, 18th. All invited.

With the approach of the hunting season the eyes of hunters are being turned to the probabilities and possibilities of the approaching sport. Indications are that birds will be slightly more plentiful, and the increase in rabbits is equally as perceptible.

A Local Option Mass meeting will be held in Masonic Hall, Chesapeake City, next Tuesday evening, November 1st, addressed by Rev. J. McElroyne and Attorney George Blake, of Elton. Music by local talent. All invited.

Constantly on hand, all sizes of the Best Veins and best prepared Hard Coal, for Heaters, Ranges and Cook Stoves. Clean and full weight. Prompt delivery at lowest prices. Also Cord Wood sawed to stove length, \$2.00 for cartload. If you have not been using our coal, try it and be happy. G. E. HUKILL.

PREPARE FOR WINTER'S COMFORT by giving your orders now for WILBUR'S CELEBRATED HIGH GRADE LEHIGH COAL. ALWAYS IN STOCK. Satisfaction guaranteed. FREE FROM DIRT. Cord Wood sawed to fit your stove. Phone 5.

JESSE L. SHEPHERD.

Mr. N. J. Williams has sold two of his 2 and 3 years old highly bred colts to Maryland parties at good prices. Mr. E. E. Stafford also sold one of the same kind and same age, to the same parties. Both these gentlemen have fine bred animals in their stables and their recent sales is convincing evidence that it is paying to raise good ones.

Pierce T. Martin, living on the McFall farm near Farmhurst, has established some new methods this season in the way of growing vegetables, for one pumpking vine grown by him contained sixty-five pumpkins, while one egg plant grew twenty-five egg plants.

A farmer had a dream. He dreamed that he raised 4,000 bushels of corn and sold it for a dollar a bushel. This was Paradise, but he had not bumped around long before he discovered that he had sold his corn to 4,000 different people, each of whom refused to pay him his dollar. This was Hell, and he woke up in a cold sweat. Awakening his wife he exclaimed, "Rebecca, Rebecca, I'm going into town early in the morning, and pay the Editor for my paper!"

Owing to the approach of Hallowe'en you will not do badly to build a strong iron fence covered with barbed wire, around your garden gate, unless you desire to have the same transplanted from its usual place to some garden or vacant lot. If the cost of this is beyond your means, a wasp's nest fully inhabited, fastened to both gateposts in the vicinity of the hinges and the latch, will afford you moderate protection. The only other method of securing it is to wrap it up carefully in fly paper with the sticky side out.

RED MEN'S BAZAR

Startling and Beautiful Scenes Presented There

Everybody be sure to come to the Red Men's Bazaar on next Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings before 8 o'clock in time to see our new and thrilling sketch of "Indian Capturing and Burning a Hunter at the Stake"!

In view of the fact that hundreds will wish to see this wonderful sight we have reduced the price of admission to the trivial sum of five cents! For this instance we purpose to present the fastidious Middletown public a novel and hitherto unheard of instance of the dreadful Indian torture of their captives—the burning of a hunter in his pajamas! This new and entirely original horror was totally unknown in the direful days of our pioneer ancestors when the fierce prowling Red Men lurked in every wood—because pajamas had not then been discovered! Ladies and gentlemen of extreme sensibilities had best remain away and ladies not quite sure of their feelings will of course bring their smelling salts along with them. Cots will be provided behind the scenes to accommodate any spectators overcome by their emotions at beholding this realistic piece of acting.

In marked contrast with the heartrending scene, there will be presented on Friday evening, the peaceful and beautiful sight of the "Adoption of the Tribe's Ward". Again we announce a novelty our great-grandmas never heard of—a captive maiden with the latest glories of her sex—hobble skirts and a "Merry Widow Hat", three feet and one inch in diameter—astonishing the Red Men as they pow wow her awe-inspiring fineries into tribal union with themselves. You'll regret it the rest of your days if you miss all this wonder and beauty.

AUTUMN WEDDINGS

SAUNDERS-BUEHM

A very pretty wedding was solemnized on Wednesday, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Buehm, when their youngest daughter, Iola F., was united in marriage to Mr. Albert C. Saunders of Wilmington, by Elder J. F. Jones of Winchester, Md.

Promptly at 2 o'clock the bridal party entered the parlor to the strains of Lohengrin's wedding march, beautifully rendered by Mrs. J. C. Alston. During the ceremony "Oh Promise Me" was softly played. The parlor was beautifully decorated in green and white. Directly back of the arch, under which the bridal party stood, was banked with potted plants.

The bride was gowned in white French mull, trimmed with lace, and carried a white marriage service book. Mrs. H. C. Moore, sister of the bride, was matron of honor, and was gowned in white Paris lace with lace trimmings. Mr. John Saunders of Lumberville, N. J., brother of the groom, was best man. The bridesmaids were Mr. Daniel W. Stevens and Mr. Norman W. Kumpel.

A reception was held immediately after the ceremony, after which the bride and groom took the 4:40 train for their newly furnished home in Wilmington.

The bride's travelling suit was of pearl necklace cloth with a white beaver hat trimmed in plumes.

Guests were present from Lumberville, N. J., Philadelphia, Wilmington, St. Georges and Middletown. The presents were very pretty and useful.

DONOVAN-TRIMM

Clarence P. Donovan and Miss Nellie Tribit were recently married at the residence of the bride's parents, 214 Connel street, Wilmington, at 7 o'clock Thursday evening, by the Rev. C. T. Wyatt, pastor of Harrison Street M. E. Church, in that city, in the presence of the relatives of the contracting parties and a few invited guests. The groom is the son of Mr. A. H. Donovan of McDonough, and has many friends in this section.

After a short wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Donovan will reside in Wilmington.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank R. Pool, of McDonough, and Mr. and Mrs. W. Sterling Evans, of Elton, Md., Mrs. Franklin Platt, of Wilmington, and Miss Adelaisa Fopp, of Tappan, N. J., were entertained Sunday by Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson B. Fopp.

Miss Annie B. Ellison, of Summit Bridge, was in Seaford last week attending the Christian Endeavor Convention held there. Miss Ellison is State Superintendent of Intermediate work.

Mr. J. F. McWhorter attended the W. C. T. U. Convention in Wilmington this week, by virtue of his office as president of the local union. Mrs. M. Davis Wilson was a delegate from the union.

Mr. Carrie Farrell, of Smyrna, spent Tuesday with her sister, Mrs. Alexander Metten. Mrs. Farrell was on her way to Wilmington where she attended the convention of the W. C. T. U. held there this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank R. Pool, of McDonough, and Mr. and Mrs. W. Sterling Evans, of Elton, Md., Mrs. Franklin Platt, of Wilmington, and Miss Adelaisa Fopp, of Tappan, N. J., were entertained Sunday by Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson B. Fopp.

Miss Maude, Blanche and Elma Dekeyne were at Sudlersville, Md., this week attending the wedding of their friend, Miss May Roe, of that place, who has often visited them here. Miss Maude Dekeyne played the wedding march and Miss Blanche Dekeyne acted as bridesmaid.

All the friends—and their number is legion—of Dr. J. C. Stites, the well known dentist, will rejoice to hear that he is now pronounced out of danger. For over a week he has been at the Jefferson Hospital, and last Tuesday passed through the trying ordeal of a grave surgical operation. The post operative shock was so great that for a while his recovery was thought doubtful; but his surgeons now say he will no doubt regain his usual health.

THE TRANSCRIPT warmly congratulates both the Doctor and his family on the happy event. The community can ill afford to lose so estimable a young man and one so valuable to both profession and society.

THE NEW CENTURY CLUB

A pleasant meeting of the New Century Club was held on Tuesday afternoon.

The hardy gurdy drooning music (?) of 3 alleged tunes is back once more to delight the small boys and the colored swains, some of whom blow themselves to their last尼克, to ride their fair insomniacs on the fiery wooden steeds. Then, that sweet toned song is again resounding through the cold night air, telling of the husky biter that sends the iron flying upwards as he pounds the stump, at so much per "lick".

THEY ARE CHAMPIONS

The baseball championship of the world belongs to the Philadelphia Club of the American League. They clinched the big pennant fast on Sunday by 7 runs to 2 for the Chicago Nationals. Five games were played, and the Eastern battlers took four of them by outlasting, outlasting and outlasting the veteran Chicago Club. They "got the jump" at the start, and although Chicago punctuated their progress with a defeat on Saturday it really didn't change the complexion of the game a bit.

AN ENTERTAINMENT will be given at Blackbird Schoolhouse, Friday evening, November 11th. An entertainment program is being prepared, with dialogue, recitations, and singing. Every one is cordially invited to come out and enjoy a good laugh.

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The Bishop and the Burglar

BY FRANK HOWEL EVANS

My lord the Bishop of Leomster stood in the pretty garden of Oaklands at midnight and sniffed complacently at the fresh night air. It was the second week of his visit to his old college chum, Dr. Gibbs, a medical man with a straggling practice in a small rural district, and the absence of pomp and ceremony was grateful to his wearied nerves.

With a sigh of content the Bishop walked majestically back to the house. He turned the handle of the door, and to his astonishment he found it was locked. He then remembered that he had left the key of the patent lock on the study table.

The long French windows of the drawing room were also fast, and the Bishop knitted his brows in thought. Then he smiled softly, and, walking round the house, stopped at the study window. He struck a match and looked at the sash, where upper and lower halves met, and from his waistcoat produced a penknife.

Inserting the broad blade between the sashes, he pushed carefully. The catch swung back with a little click, and the Bishop pushed up the window.

He had barely lifted one portly leg over the sill when strong hand gripped him from behind by the nape of his neck.

Get along in with yer, hissed a voice in his ear, and don't forget there's this be'nd yer.

The Bishop, sitting perilously on the windowsill, felt something round and cold against his neck. Now, then, in with yer, threat'ned the voice in low tones.

The Bishop gave a little jump to the floor, and was brought up standing by the hand on his collar. He felt, rather than saw a heavy figure climbing after him. Twisting himself painfully he half turned and saw—a police man.

Oh, said the Bishop, with a little gasp, it's you, constable, is it? D'you know I thought you were a burglar, and I suppose you told me for one?

Said it, said the policeman, in a low, curt voice.

Really, officer, I think you for get to whom you are talking.

Oh, chuck it, was the brutal reply. A set of bony knuckles dug deep into his neck.

The Bishop wriggled impatiently.

It appears to me you're going beyond your duty, constable.

With a twist the policeman edged him on to a chair and shone a bulb's eye into his face.

You're makin' me cross, that's what you are, whispered the officer. Where's the rest of the family? Gorn to bed, or ain't they at home?

The Bishop tried to push the bulb's eye away.

I think you must have been drinking, he said, shortly, and I feel very sorry Dr. Gibbs is not at home.

Oh, Gibbs ain't at 'ome, said the policeman, slightly raising his voice; and where's 'is man?

If there were any one at all in the house, said the indignant prelate, I should ring the bell and have you ejected.

Open yer mouth so wide agen an' I'll show my bulb's eye down yer throat, threatened the policeman. Did I ear yer say there was no one in the 'ouse at all?

No one, snorted the Bishop, wriggling in his chair. Dr. Gibbs was suddenly called away, and as he doesn't expect to be back till morning he took his chauffeur with him. And now, my good man, he added, conciliatingly, having convinced you, I hope, that I am not a burglar, will you please go?

The policeman laughed slightly. Ere, I've had enough messin' about; get up and light the gas, and if yer up to any monkey tricks I'll blow yer brains out.

This appalling threat from an officer of the law well-nigh asphyxiated the Bishop, and he started forward indignantly, almost breaking his teeth on the muzzle of the revolver.

Now, then, get on with it.

With mingled feelings of terror and wrath the Bishop groped on the mantel-piece and finally lit the gas.

The light shone on a tall, clean-shaven constable holding a lantern and a revolver.

The loneliness of the country beat, the Bishop reflected, had perhaps affected this poor fellow's brain, and he must be humored.

There we are, he said cheerily, and now would's you like to come and see the greenhouse?

It would be easy, he thought, to lure the man into the conserva-

tory, lock him in, and then lusty toll the firebell in the turret, thus rousing the neighbors.

Oh, take a perch, said the policeman. Sit down, he explained, impatiently.

Now, then, he continued, removing his helmet and showing a round, close-cropped head, sure there ain't no one else in the 'ouse?

Not a soul, groaned the Bishop, miserably.

That's all right, then. 'Ere, what are them things?

The Bishop looked down at his gaiters.

Oh, I always wear them. We all do you know, he stammered, wondering if a heavy boot suddenly thrown would disable the visitor.

Oh, do yer? Well, what are yer when yer at 'ome?

I'm a bishop.

A bishop, are yer? I've never met a bishop afore. A broad grin stole over the policeman's face. Then, me lord bishop,

where's the silver?

He leaned over and leered at the Bishop, who returned the gaze timidly till the horrid truth dawned upon him.

Then you, he gasped, must be a burglar, not a policeman?

Policeman, me elbow! was the contemptuous reply. E's asleep in the ditch with my old coat spread over 'm and no 'elmet; with a quartern o' special Scotch inside 'm and somethin' in it, to make 'm sleep.

Then why, asked the Bishop, instincts of law and order prevailing over terror—why are you masquerading in his coat?

Why am I wot?

I say why are you masquerading in his coat?

I don't know nothin' about that but I know as I've got 'is coat on 'cause it suits me, see? And if you can't see I can't 'elp yer.

Well, I think it's a disgraceful thing, your coming here disguised as a policeman and expecting me to—

That's jest it. Wot I'm expectin' yer to do is to 'elp me find the silver; then I shall tie you up nice and tidy with a bit of 'and-kerchief in yer mouth. After which I shall 'op off, and if any one sees me in the road they'll say, Good evenin' constable; fine night, ain't it? and there we are. Now, then, guv'nor, let's get to work.

No! almost shouted the Bishop, clutching the arms of the chair; I will not. I absolutely refuse.

Once again, will you please go?

He folded his hands as if to finally dismiss the subject.

The simplicity of the appeal moved the burglar to derisive laughter.

He picked up the lantern and moved to the door.

But, said the Bishop, horrified, you don't think I'm going with you to help you rob—

I don't think—I know!

The burglar stepped up and gripped him by the collar.

Now, then, you know the way and I don't; so 'urry up!

From underneath his coat the man extracted a green baize bag, which he pushed into the Bishop's hands.

Urged by that dreadful grip, the Bishop groped his way into the hall and turned to the right.

Dinin' room, whispered the voice at his back. Ere, why don't yer look where yer goin'?

The Bishop retorted sharply that he had no wish to break his neck.

Gettin' saucy, are yer? Try that. The butt of the revolver descended sharply on the episcopal head.

The Bishop made a frenzied dash, and almost fell into the dining room.

Quickly the burglar locked the door, and, threatening his prisoner with death if he moved, shone his bulb's eye round the room with professional swiftness.

Old the sack, mate, he said at length.

I decline to be a party to your disgraceful proceedings.

Getting nasty are yer? I'll talk to yer in 'art a minute. Alas! what's this—whisky? May as well 'ave a drop.

He looked for a glass.

Now, I know what you're thinkin', said the burglar, helping himself liberally. I ask you in a friendly way to tell me a funny story—he lurched slightly forward and recovered himself—and that's what 'appens.

That's what I call takin' a great liberty, he said, solemnly. I ask you in a friendly way to tell me a funny story—he lurched slightly forward and recovered himself—and that's what 'appens.

Take a look in. Not me, guv'nor, I never drink more than once between meals, so now yer know.

Nevertheless, he swallowed the raw whisky without a shud-

der. Under its influence he developed a cheery vein.

Ah, he said, unbuttoning the unaccustomed tunic, this is what I call 'omely. Now, guv'nor give us a song. Plenty of time before your pals come back. I feel as if I must be 'umored.

A song! expostulated the Bishop. What nonsense! I haven't sung for years.

Then it's about time yer tried. Give us somethin' soothin' and not too loud.

Well, do you know, I don't think it would be safe, said the Bishop, with a low cunning that almost shamed him; somebody might hear.

A song! expostulated the Bishop. What nonsense! I haven't sung for years.

With tears of vexation in his eyes the Bishop stooped and unbuttoned his boots.

And now, enter the middle of the room and dance to me like—like a bootiful fairy, he added, as an encouraging smile. I absolutely refuse.

Ah! the burglar tried to repeat the word, and thinking better of it, went on: Like a bootiful fairy, and if yer say another word yer'll 'ave to take 'em off!

With sick despair in his heart the Bishop moved into the middle of the room and stood tremulously in his stockings feet.

Like a bootiful fairy, was the repeated order, emphasized by the waving revolver.

Then the Bishop gave two little hops, feeling that he was degraded forever.

Not a bit like a fairy, said the burglar, shaking his head solemnly. Music, that's wot yer want, music.

He tried to whistle, but, failing ignorantly, endeavored to renew his powers with whisky.

Not a bit o' good. You whistle yourself.

The Bishop huskily whistled the first few bars of a voluntary and pirouetted laboriously.

That's better, said the burglar, approvingly. Now we'll 'ave it just a little bit 'igher.

Only the thought of a distant family prevented the Bishop throwing himself on the waving revolver and risking sudden death.

Try again and don't stop and keep on whistlin'.

Setting his teeth, and feeling that sides were preferable, the Bishop bounded into the air and curved his legs into unseemly attitudes.

Onesore! Onesore!

The dancer, in desperation, thought of throwing himself backward through the window, when, out of the corner of one eye he saw a motorcar gliding up the drive.

With a wild joy in his heart he pirouetted to the table. Then with one movement he seized the water bottle, sent it crashing through the window, and with a wild shriek for help flung himself on the burglar.

When a few seconds later, Dr. Gibbs and his chauffeur, bursting open the window dashed into the room, they saw my lord the Bishop of Leomster sitting a stride a man in policeman's uniform and belaboring him with a bread basket.

The burglar was soon secured.

Now, said the Bishop, grimly, we'll put this gentleman into the car and drive him to the police station—if you have one anywhere near this benighted spot, Gibbs.

The burglar, who was firmly tied to a chair, looked up and grinned.

Lemme go gov'nor, and I'll say nothin' about the dancin'.

Don't let him speak to me, Gibbs, commanded the Bishop, or I shall strike him, bound as he is.

He nevertheless held a hurried consultation with Dr. Gibbs and the chauffeur, having received some hurried instructions he left the room.

In a few moments the man returned with the village policeman, looking very much ashamed of himself and wearing an old black jacket.

I didn't know nothin' till I woke up, he explained to Gibbs.

An exchange of garments was soon made and then Gibbs turned to the chauffeur.

Now, Ellis, put this man in the car, he pointed to the burglar—drive him out thirty miles as hard as you can, and then put him down—there'll be no traffic at this time of the morning.

So long, said the burglar, as he was being led away. If you was a bit slimmer, guv'nor, you'd dance better. Now, then, Oratio, lead on!

The Bishop looked earnestly at the breakin' 'e's and then turned away with clenched fists.

When the policeman had sidled out of the room, Gibbs turned to his friend:

Now, then, old man, tell us all about it.

Next Sunday the little village church was crowded to hear the Bishop of Leomster read the lesson.

Now, said Gibbs, I'll be back to-morrow.

To this day the congregation cannot understand why Dr. Gibbs suddenly took up his hat and left, while the prelate flushed and coughed over a verse which stated that there was much dancing.

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